

R. L. STINE

Goosebumps®

DON'T
MAKE
ME
LAUGH

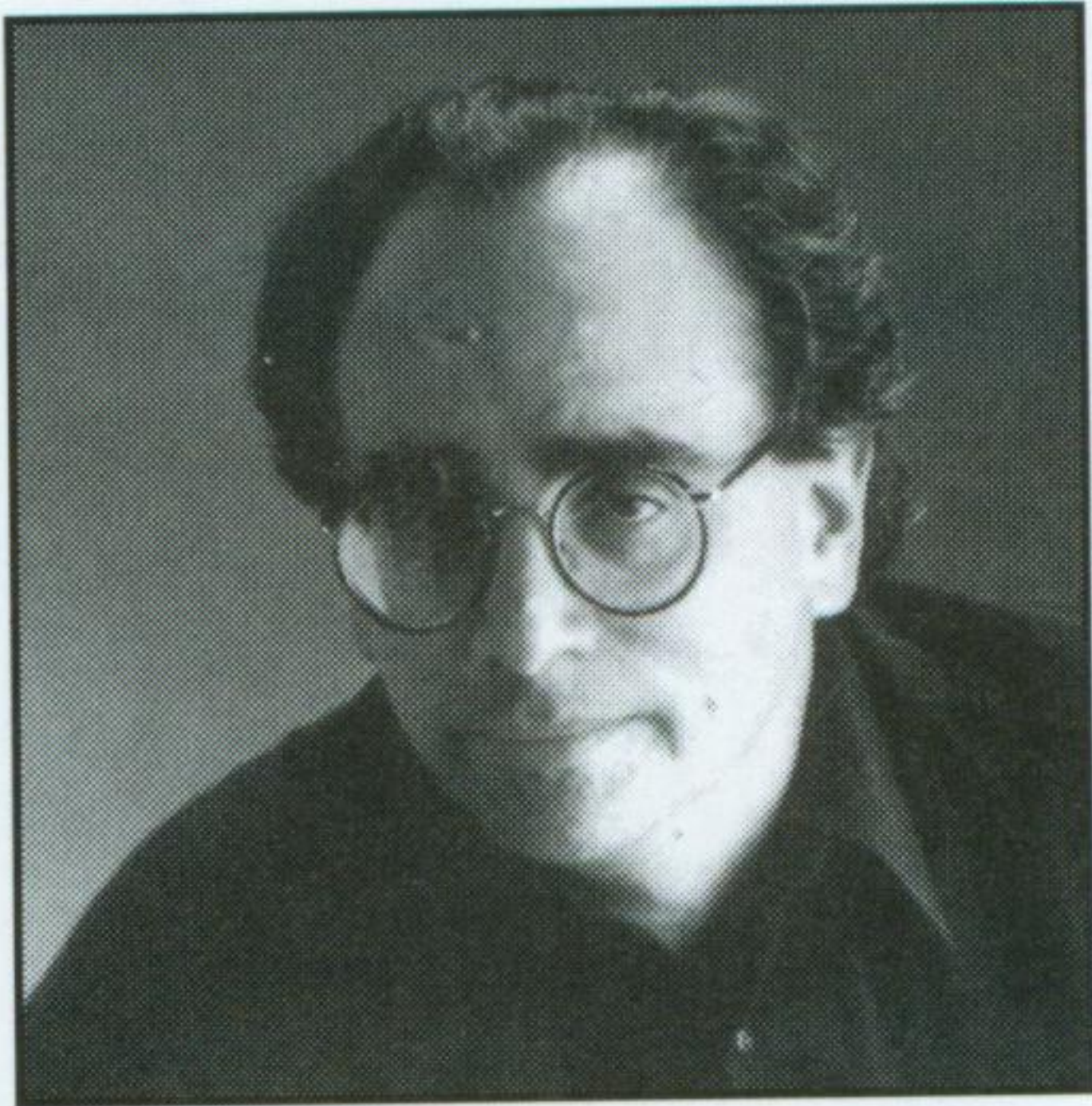
A New Story!

 SCHOLASTIC



PARACHUTE
PRESS, INC.

Goosebumps®



HAVE A SCARY DAY!
R.L. Stine

Goosebumps®

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH by R.L. STINE

A PARACHUTE PRESS BOOK

A Special Goosebumps Mini-Book
created for Frito-Lay, Inc.

Copyright © 1996 by Parachute Press, Inc. All rights reserved.
GOOSEBUMPS is a registered trademark of Parachute Press, Inc.

No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of Parachute Press, Inc. For information regarding permission, write to Parachute Press, Inc.,

156 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010.

Printed in the U.S.A.

Josh grabbed Billy, and the two of us pulled him to the ground.

“No—please!” Billy begged. “Please, *don’t!*”

A lot of kids beg Josh and me. But we don’t pay any attention. We tickle them anyway.

“You can go first, Luke,” Josh said to me. He held Billy’s shoulders to the ground. And I started to tickle his ribs.

“Stop—please!” Billy begged. He started to kick both legs.

But you can’t squirm away from Josh and me. We know what we’re doing. I tickled Billy with both hands, digging my fingers into his sides. He started laughing, and begging, and kicking, and squirming all at the same time.

Sure, it’s mean. But it’s also fun!

I tickled the poor kid till he could barely breathe. Then Josh took over.

“The Laugh Police strike again!” I shouted.

That’s what Josh and I call ourselves—The Laugh Police. That’s because we like to tickle kids and make them laugh until they beg for mercy.

It's sort of a hobby.

A lot of kids are afraid of us. But we don't care. We think it's funny.

We tickled Billy till he howled like a dog and tears ran down his face. Then his little brother, Sam, came running across the playground. He jumped on my back and tried to pull me off Billy.

He made a big mistake by mixing in. That's because Sam is the most ticklish person in town. Josh and I don't even have to tickle him to make him laugh.

We don't even have to touch him. We just make tickling motions with our fingers and say, "Tickle tickle." And Sam starts laughing and screaming and howling and squirming!

"The Laugh Police attack!" I cried. I held Sam by the shoulders, and Josh pretended to tickle him. He started howling and squirming—and Josh wasn't even *close* to him!

As I held on to Sam, I heard a shrill whistling sound. A shadow passed over us. I didn't really pay any attention. I was having too much fun, listening to Sam beg for mercy.

Finally, we let Billy and Sam go. They ran off. Their faces were bright red, and they had tears running down their cheeks.

It made Josh and me feel good. We like to see people laugh till they cry.

Billy and Sam vanished. We turned to search the playground for new victims.

And that's when we saw the alien standing in front of his strange spaceship.

"Oh, wow!" Josh and I both uttered cries of surprise.

The little guy stood about two feet tall. He was kind of purple, the color of a purple onion. In fact, his face was round and blank—just like a purple onion!

He wore silver overalls, which bulged over a round belly. He was barefoot with three long purple toes on each foot, and three long purple fingers on each hand.

Behind him, his spaceship rested on the playground grass. It didn't look like any of the space rockets I'd ever seen. It reminded me of an old-fashioned, wide-brimmed straw hat.

Josh and I froze and stared for a moment. Then I gave Josh a hard shove and cried, "Run!"

We both began running for our lives. But we didn't get far.

More and more purple onion guys came scampering out of the straw hat. They were fast! They caught up to Josh and me in seconds. And dragged us into the spaceship.

"Let us go!" I shouted. My heart was pounding so hard, I could barely choke out the words. "You can't do this to us!"

Josh and I tried to fight our way free. But they were strong for little guys. And there were so many of them.

Inside the spaceship, swirls of bright

purple light made me shut my eyes. "Let me go! Let me out of here!" I cried. But they carried Josh and me to a big purple cage—and tossed us inside.

A few seconds later, I heard the whistling sound again. The ship blasted off—so hard, it knocked Josh and me to the floor of our cage. For a long time, we stared at each other, trembling all over.

We didn't find out what was happening to us until the ship had nearly landed. Then a purple guy in silver overalls and a silver cap stepped up to our cage.

A mouth formed on his blank onion face. "I am the captain," he said in a scratchy voice. "My name is Crog."

"Let us go!" Josh screamed.

"Why have you kidnapped us?" I cried.

"We need you on our planet," Crog replied solemnly. "We need your special power."

"Huh?" I gasped. "Special power? *What* special power?"

"You have a great power to make creatures laugh," Crog replied. "We have watched you. We saw how you have used your power to make others laugh. Our planet is a very sad one. We have no laughter. No one has laughed on our planet in six million dolenian years."

"But—but—but—" Josh sputtered.

"What do you want *us* to do?" I demanded.

Crog leaned into our cage. "Our leader, Klandor III, has summoned you to bring laughter to our planet," he said. "You must make Klandor and his queen, Klandora, laugh."

"But ... uh ... what if we can't do it?" I asked timidly.

"Then you will never see your home again," Crog replied.

The ship landed, and the purple onion guys formed a circle around us and took us right to the royal throne room.

It was a huge room, bigger than our school gym. And all purple, of course.

In the distance, on a high platform, I could see two silver thrones. The king

and queen stood in front of the thrones. And on both sides of the center aisle, stretching from wall to wall, stood thousands of purple onion creatures.

"They've all come to watch us," Josh whispered.

I swallowed hard. I began exercising my tickling fingers. My hands were trembling so hard, I could barely make my fingers move!

"We're doomed," I whispered to Josh.

My legs were shaking as Josh and I climbed up to the platform. Klandor and Klandora stepped forward to greet us. They looked exactly like all the other purple creatures—except their overalls were gold instead of silver.

“My people have waited dolenian centuries for this moment,” Klandor said solemnly. “Thank you for bringing your special powers to us. Please do not keep us waiting any longer. We must have laughter on our planet. As the royal couple, Klandora and I are eager to be the first to laugh.”

I turned to Josh. Josh turned to me.

Behind us, the thousands of purple creatures all jammed forward to get a better look.

“Okay, Josh,” I whispered. “Time for The Laugh Police to go into action.”

We both stepped up to the king. Josh held his shoulders. I lowered my hands to his round little stomach.

And I started to tickle.

A one-handed tickle at first. Then two hands. A good, hard tickle.

As I tickled away, Klandor’s blank onion face stared up at me. No smile. No laugh. I couldn’t even see his mouth!

My heart pounded. I suddenly felt dizzy. “Josh—help. You tickle too!” I whispered.

We both started tickling. Josh took the ribs. I took the stomach.

Klandor stood solidly as we worked. He frowned at us.

We tickled and tickled. We didn’t give up. We must have tickled for at least ten minutes.

Finally, I had to stop. My fingers

ached. "He—he's not ticklish!" I wailed.

"Try the queen!" Josh cried.

We spun around and started tickling Klandora. We tickled her stomach. We tickled her back. We tickled under her big, round chin.

Nothing.

She didn't move. She didn't smile. She didn't laugh.

Finally, Josh and I gave up. We took a step back, shaking our heads. Sweat poured down my forehead.

A sigh went up from the thousands of onlookers.

"They have failed us," Klandor announced to the crowd. He turned to a group of silver-uniformed guards. "Take

them to the disintegration room and disintegrate them."

"Whoa!" I cried. "Disintegrate us?"

"No—please!" Josh begged.

"Wait! Give us a chance!" I pleaded. "Give us another chance! We'll make you laugh! I promise!"

Klandor and Klandora whispered to each other. "Okay. One more chance," Klandor said sternly.

Josh leaned close to me. "What are we going to do?"

"Uh ... make funny faces?" I suggested. Josh and I have been known to make some pretty funny faces in school when Ms. Barlow's back is turned.

"Here goes," Josh whispered. He

crossed his eyes and stuck his tongue out.

I pulled my lips over my teeth and shoved my nose up until it looked like a pig snout.

I glanced at the royal couple. Nothing. Not a smile.

Josh and I frantically made more funny faces, pulling at our mouths and noses, messing up our hair, crossing and uncrossing our eyes.

“Disintegrate them!” Klandor ordered. “They are disgusting failures. Take them away!”

“No—please!” I begged.

“No more chances,” the king snapped. “Disintegrate them!”

“But we don’t *want* to be disintegrat-

ed!” I wailed. And before I realized it, I started to cry. I couldn’t help it. I was just so terrified.

I glanced at Josh—and he was crying too. We both stood there crying, tears running down our cheeks.

Klandor was the first to laugh. It started out as a chuckle, then grew to a roaring belly laugh. Klandora laughed too. She pointed to our tears—and laughed harder and harder.

And then everyone in the throne room—thousands of purple creatures—were all laughing.

“Keep crying,” I whispered to Josh. “Don’t stop. They love it!”

“That’s so funny!” Klandor roared.

“Water pours from their eyes!” He laughed until his whole body jiggled.

“And listen to the funny snuffling noises they make!” Klandora added, laughing even harder than the king.

Josh and I kept crying—even though we were so happy. We had succeeded. We made them laugh. And now we could go home.

“We did it, Josh! We did it!” I shouted happily.

“Keep crying!” he urged. “Don’t stop!”

As we cried, the laughter echoed off the walls. Then it suddenly stopped.

I heard a groan. Klandor groaned and grabbed his stomach. “Ow. It *hurts!*” he

moaned.

Klandora doubled over in pain. “It hurts when I laugh,” she choked out.

Behind us, I heard a roar of groans and moans. Cries of pain. “It hurts. It hurts to laugh!”

“Now I remember,” Klandor sighed weakly, holding his stomach. “That’s why we don’t laugh on this planet. Because it hurts so much.”

He turned to the guards. “Take them away. They’ve hurt us! Disintegrate them—at once!”

The guards surrounded Josh and me and led us away. The Laugh Police had succeeded—and we had failed.

I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

Here's how to collect the remaining
2 Mini-Books in your

Goosebumps. THRILLOGY™

For the book "**HALLOWEEN GAME**" collect TWO UPC symbols from any 8 oz. or larger bags of HERSHEY'S®, REESE'S®, PETER PAUL®, YORK®, TWIZZLERS®, or AMAZIN' FRUIT® candies. In addition you will receive a "Goosebumps Haunted Library" to store the THRILLOGY™ 3 Mini-Book Collection.

For the book "**BAD DOG**" collect ONE UPC symbol from a 24 pack/Cube or 12-pack OR TWO UPC symbols from two 2-liter bottles of PEPSI-COLA, MOUNTAIN DEW or LIPTON® BRISK™ iced tea.

To receive your Mini-Book(s) mail required UPC symbols along with your name and address before 12/31/96 to:



Goosebumps "THRILLOGY" Offer

P.O. Box 1288, Grand Rapids, MN 55745-1288

Please note these additional terms: Offer good only in the U.S. Void where prohibited, taxed, limited, or restricted by law. OFFER EXPIRES 12/31/96 AND ALL REQUESTS MUST BE POSTMARKED ON OR BEFORE 12/31/96. UPCs subject to verification; no photocopies of UPCs accepted. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of your Mini-Books.

Pepsi, Pepsi-Cola, Diet Pepsi, Mountain Dew and THE CUBE are registered trademarks of PepsiCo, Inc. HERSHEY'S, REESE'S, PETER PAUL, YORK, TWIZZLERS, AMAZIN' FRUIT and THRILLOGY are trademarks used with permission by HERSHEY FOODS CORPORATION.

Lipton is a registered trademark and Brisk is a trademark of Thomas J. Lipton Company.

GET
Goosebumps®
by R.L. Stine

Coming Soon from Scholastic Inc ...

Goosebumps!

- #47 Legend of the Lost Legend
- #48 Attack of the Jack-O'-Lanterns
- #49 Vampire Breath
- #50 Calling All Creeps

JOIN THE **Goosebumps!** FAN CLUB

Your annual membership includes:

Official Newsletter • Games • Glow-In-The-Dark Pen
Zipper Tag • Wallet • Folder • Notepad • And More!

Send a check for \$8.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling to:

GOOSEBUMPS FAN CLUB
SCHOLASTIC INC., P.O. BOX 7500,
2931 EAST MCCARTY STREET,
JEFFERSON CITY, MO 65100

READING is
a SCREAM!™

Doritos

Chee-tos

Ruffles

Doritos, Chee-tos and Ruffles are
registered trademarks used by
Frito-lay, Inc. © Recot, Inc. 1996

© Parachute Press, Inc.
Goosebumps is a registered
trademark of Parachute Press, Inc.

Watch
GOOSEBUMPS on
FOX KIDS NETWORK!